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relates, that Raffaele, after having painted "The Consignment of Christ to the Tomb," which is now in the Borghese Gallery at Rome, went to Florence, and there painted "The Beautiful Gardener," which he intended to send to M. de Sienne; but as Bramante wrote to him, stating that the pope had consented to allow him to paint the halls of the Vatican, he set off in haste for Rome, entrusting to Ridolfo Ghirlandaio the task of finishing the blue drapery of the Virgin. The picture was purchased of M. de Sienne by Francis the First; and in the time of Louis the Fourteenth it adorned the cabinet at Versailles. In the carefully prepared catalogues of the Louvre, it is valued at £16,003 sterling. Although Ridolfo Ghirlandaio painted the drapery of the Virgin, he claims no part of the honour of the work. Even on the border of this drapery may be read the signature "*Raphaello Urbinas*," which is undoubtedly traced by the hand of Ridolfo. M. Quatremère de Quincy, the able Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, speaks of the painting in the following terms:—

"There is the same freshness and excellent preservation in the charming picture of the Virgin which Raffaele executed for M. de Sienne, and which is called, 'The Beautiful Gardener.' Her costume, which really has something of the villager's about it, has perhaps given rise to this name. It is one of those naïve compositions which, for the due proportion in the size of the figures, may be placed at the head of those in which Raffaele, before rising to the ideal of his art, as he afterwards did, confined himself to the expression of simplicity and that modest grace, of which the manners of the country supplied him with models among the young village girls. Nothing can surpass the purity here depicted. The tone of colouring and the style of drawing are in admirable harmony; and this harmony has never produced anything more lovely than the forms of the children Jesus and John. Three circumstances prove that this picture belongs to the same period as 'The

Consignment of Christ to the Tomb.' In the first place, the date marked on it, which is 1507; then there is a drawing of it by Raffaele in the Mariette Collection, on the back of which are rough sketches of the figures belonging to the above-mentioned work; and, in the last place, it is known that Raffaele set out for Rome before finishing the blue drapery of the Virgin, which was finished by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio."

Lepicius, in his "Catalogue Raisonné" of the king's pictures, gives a remarkable explanation about this one: "As Raffaele," says he, "makes the child Jesus rest upon one foot of the Virgin, I think he intended by this trait to indicate the respectful tenderness of this holy mother, who, in her son, sees her Saviour."

As to the title by which this picture is known among artists, Lavallée has sought for its origin: with more laborious effort than was worth while. "It is possible," says he, "that the model which Raffaele employed was a gardener, remarkable for her beauty, and that hence was derived the name of the picture. But this is merely a supposition, and it appears to me more probable, that this title, which there is nothing in the painting to occasion—unless it be the flowers with which the Virgin is surrounded—arose from the capricious custom, not uncommon among picture-dealers, of fixing upon some casual circumstance as a means of distinguishing the numerous works of a great master from one another."

This painting of "The Beautiful Gardener" was engraved by Gilles Roupelet and James Chéreau. In the year 1803 M. Boucher Desnoyers established his reputation as an engraver by making a drawing and engraving from it, which he dedicated to M. Denon, the General Director of the Napoleon Museum. The plate proved also a source of great profit to the museum. It is now, and will long remain, unquestionably, the most successful rendering of this delicious painting which breathes so much purity and grace.

## KAREL DUJARDIN.

THIS artist, whose name is less familiar than that of many others, was also a landscape and animal painter. Most of the Flemish artists may be described in the same way, and are yet different in their characteristics. Words are not the fittest representative of their peculiar types, but a glance at once separates Cuyp from Dujardin, Potter from Berghem. How shall we describe the peculiar style of the artist we now treat of? To succeed would be difficult.

When, reader, you take a country walk, you sometimes rest on a stile, or under a hedge, or on a fallen tree, and looking around you, various objects meet your eye—a few clustering trees, a bit of an old wall half covered by ancient ivy, a cow, an ass, a man—all homely, all trivial; and yet add all these together, and you have a picture of Dujardin, nothing more, nothing less. But nature always; and out of these simple and even arid materials he makes a landscape, exhibiting fully his style and manner.

Pilkington and Deschamps inform us that he was born in 1640. Biographers are not always consistent in their dates. In 1652 appeared some admirable engravings by Karel Dujardin, perfect masterpieces, which certainly were not executed at the youthful age of twelve. We must, therefore, place Dujardin's birth at least as far back as 1635, as it is well known that these were the productions of a very precocious talent. It is not known for certain who was his master; some call him a pupil of Berghem, some of Paul Potter. But, however this may be, he went early to Italy, and on arriving at Rome, joined the jolly club of Flemish drinkers, into which all were admitted under a nick-name, which in his case was Goat's Beard. His easy and impulsive nature, to which pleasure was a necessity, gained him many friends. His countryman, Pierre de Laer, had introduced a style among the Romans of which they were very fond, and Dujardin following it up was well supported. He painted little landscapes, with a cow, some sheep, a miller and his ass, a girl holding up her petticoats to cross a ford (p. 260); and was

well paid for them on account of their excellence. With youth, spirits, and money, Dujardin led an easy, jolly life, contracting many debts, and wasting much talent to pay them. But he studied like a true Dutchman; he saw the vulgar side of everything, and made that side picturesque. The quacks of a fair, so common in Rome, were a favourite subject. He admired their genius, he caught their pantomime, and before he returned to his *atelier*, his picture was finished in his head. The rough idlers of Transtevera, with their robust wives, filled the foreground, or, perhaps, a muleteer whistling or searching his pockets for a coin, to give the boy with a black face and a pasteboard nose, who went about collecting.

Dujardin's early style was a comical mixture of Bamboche, Jean Miel, and Michael Angelo des Batailles. The Italians were much struck by his pictures, and naturally so, for he invested the every-day scenes he painted with his own gentleness, his own gay and lively spirit. It was something between the finish so much esteemed at Amsterdam, and the ordinary satirical character of the artists of that school who lived in Rome—semi-Romans themselves.

The price which the Italians put upon the works of Karel did not suffice for his increasing expense. The same could be said of him that was said of Bamboche by the historian Passeri, *amico della recreazione e del buon tempo*. To create for himself new resources, he tried the portrait style, and succeeded well, because an artist like him could not do anything badly. He composed portraits very simply, in general without any details, half-length, with all the usual sobriety of his genius. We speak here of sobriety in the picturesque sense, for in private life he knew nothing of it. His character is marvellously well painted in the portrait which exists in the Museum of Amsterdam, where he is represented clothed in a black silk cloak, his hand upon his breast. His great intelligent and open eyes announce frankness, penetration, and jollity; his mouth is broad and somewhat sensual; but his great lips reveal a fine irony which has no bitterness in it.

The expansive and hearty temperament of Karel Dujardin is the secret of his weakness; it explains his love of pleasure, his debts daily paid and daily renewed, his love for the comic side of vulgar things, and that want which drove him to seek impression from the three great sources,—life, nature and art.

But at last he determined to see his country again, which he had left when very young. He started for Holland, but passing through Lyons, he met some friends, who easily kept him there, and the sight of some of his works brought round him a crowd of amateurs. Forgetting the object of his journey, Karel renewed the life he had led at Rome, a life of luxury and adventures, to pay for which he had but to paint the fresh morning dew. Few painters have succeeded so well in depicting the dawn, such geniuses as Claude Lorraine and Elzheimer always excepted. Dujardin lived at Lyons, in the house of a rich old woman, who gave him plenty of credit because she took a fancy to him. At last, however, the artist's debts became so numerous and so pressing, that poor Karel Dujardin, in his distress, had recourse to his principal creditor—his old landlady. She took a usurious interest for her money. She made him marry her.

Having thus settled his affairs, the newly-married man took the road to Amsterdam, where he was well received. He was the more liked because he did not altogether resemble his countrymen; in the same way that the Italians liked him because with them he was a Dutchman of the south, while the former called him an Italian of the north. He painted some local portraits, but they wanted the interest and charms of Rembrandt's similar productions.

It is when the merry painter depicts tumblers and quacks, muleteers before an inn, or a trumpeter on horseback at the door of a pot-house, drinking the glass of wine handed to him by the maritornes of the place, that we have no need to criticise and compare. Karel's characteristic is to reach the picturesque by simple efforts. More simple than Berghem, as agreeable as Wouvermans, and less proud than Bamboche, Karel Dujardin has all their strong sense of the picturesque. He is very fond of bringing in old walls, those walls which our modern masters have so often copied; sometimes he fills up the background with them, ivy-clad and half-ruined, mossy and covered with wall-flowers, or warmed by the golden foliage and the purple tints of a virgin vine, which in autumn resemble the rays of the setting sun. The rustic walls of Karel are in general sufficiently lofty for them to throw up the whole figure.

To be married to an old woman, when one is young, may be bearable on a day when you obtain a receipt in full for all your debts; but the awakening is unpleasant. Dujardin felt little relief from the cares of home in the popularity he was gaining among the tasteful amateurs of his native town. One of these, a certain John Reinst, determined to go to Italy; and his friend determined to go as far as the Texel with him. He had no idea himself of going to Italy; for he went to the Texel in slippers. Nevertheless, next morning he sent to his old wife for some linen, saying, he would soon be back. He never saw her again.

He took up his residence in Rome, and though a Protestant, was sufficiently influenced by the locality to paint two Romish subjects, which were highly prized, while his "Christ between the two Thieves," in the Louvre, is a very fine production. But simple nature is his *forte*. His "Grove of Trees," in the Louvre, is perfect, with its river crossed by farmers driving before them a troop of oxen, donkeys, and sheep. The farmer's wife is mounted on a cart drawn by a white horse, while a peasant, lifting up a young girl in his arms, is about to carry her across the ford. The familiar figures form a charming contrast with the solemnity of the forest trees, which lose none of their mysterious grandeur by contact with the brute creation.

Karel Dujardin took it into his head one day to go to Venice. He found some countrymen there, and, amongst others, Glauber, a pupil, like himself, of Berghem, and a very distinguished painter. A Dutchman, who dealt in pictures,

offered him a home in his house, with the hope of making money by his talents; but the hope was not realised, for Dujardin was taken ill and died, in 1678. John Glauber says, that his companion died of a surfeit, caused by eating too much after an illness. A Dutch amateur, Gabriel Van der Leuw, who was just then at Venice, took care to have Dujardin buried; and though he died a Protestant, his body was still dressed in the robes of a Capuchin friar, in obedience to the customs of the country; after which he was buried according to the rites of the Roman Church.

"Crossing the Brook," of which we have given an engraving (p. 260), is a fine picture: the foreground is rich and admirably painted; the man in the sheep-skin coat is touched off with a truthfulness which is peculiarly characteristic of the Flemish school. The sky, the distant hills, the horses, and the long wall, are exceedingly picturesquely rendered; while the woman, the ass, and the dog, as well as the cow, exhibit a power and truth which exemplify the style of Karel Dujardin very effectively. The original is in France.

Far less elaborate than many of his contemporaries, Karel was above all picturesque, that is to say, he knew how to transfer his subjects to the canvas in an effective and pleasing manner, not merely slavishly copying nature, but interpreting her mysteries. He never chose the merely symmetrical and beautiful. He selected subjects which, perhaps, trifling in reality, were picturesque when transferred to paper. A Swiss peasant-girl always looks well in a picture. She rarely or never does in real life.

If the Dutch painters have secured a wide place for themselves in history, it is not by the sublimity of their expression or the grandeur of their thoughts; it is rather by devoting themselves to what grave classic men call the secondary items—colour, *chiaroscuro*, and touch! *Chiaroscuro* has intellectual beauty in it, because it awakens in the mind the idea of a happy harmony between the characters of the scene and of the day which illumines it. Pleasant and agreeable subjects require a serene light, and terrible events and scenery are better illustrated by the light of a sinister and dark sky.

"An artist," says a critic, whose name we do not recollect, "is very much below the dignity of his profession, who thinks it a matter of indifference what kind of weather there was the day Cæsar was assassinated." Karel Dujardin, who knew so admirably how to combine and arrange soft lights, dark clouds, affects in his crucifixions terrible and marked contrasts, a rough opposition between clear light and dark shadows—a rough and suitable effect, when painting so solemn and at the same time so terrible a subject.

Most of the paintings of Karel are extremely well preserved; and on the general subject of the preservation and cleaning of pictures much might be said did space permit.

Many volumes have been written on the art of cleaning pictures, of restoring them, of moving them about, and of re-canvasing them. M. Xavier de Burtin, in his "Theoretical and Practical Theory on the Knowledge required by every Amateur," indicates many methods which may be used for cleaning pictures, and lays it down as a law that an amateur should know all the necessary processes, and put them in practice himself. After having examined and carefully appreciated every one of the processes proposed by this author, one of the most eminent critics of the day declares that he found most of them so dangerous, that, far from advising amateurs to clean their pictures themselves, he calls upon them to abstain from so delicate an operation, unless after long and careful study and much practical experience, which can only enable them to succeed.

There is a slight irony, a gaiety, a wit, about Karel Dujardin, which makes us always recognise and welcome him; he is fond of rustic beauties; he has, in representing them, more delicacy than Bamboche, more nature than Berghem, though a less fertile and abundant genius. His sentiment is like that of Vandervelde, but he has neither the profundity nor the melancholy of Paul Potter. Even when he paints or engraves dead horses, his slaughter-house, his knacker's-yard has nothing of that sinister aspect which Paul Potter impreg-

nates them with. But, as an engraver, he is by no means inferior to that master. It is impossible to carry further the science of the model, the intelligence of every detail of life, and every sign and mark of death. In the same way that he knew in his paintings exactly where to dash the pencil, so in his engravings he scatters his touches with vigour and intelligence. By a few bold outlines he indicates the bony outline of the animal, the joints and prominent parts.

Shepherd behind the Tree," the ass in "The Peasant Girl," and the two mules, are models. They demonstrate the keen observation and the laborious industry of the artist. Form, attitude, movement—all is true and real. His sheep and his goats are gems, and no serious critic will accuse him of mannerism here. His engravings are, then, extremely valuable. Everybody who has watched the progress of engraving knows "The Two Mules," published in 1652. It is founded on the



CROSSING THE BROOK.—FROM A PAINTING BY KAREL DUJARDIN.

More delicate than that of Laer, the *pointe* of Karel the engraver, is always picturesque. He likes to show off the differences and contrasts of reality, the dirty wool of the sheep, the knotted and entangled fleeces, the hair of the pig reeking with the filth of the farm-yard, the pig itself wallowing in the mire with ineffable delight. Its snout, its head, is the *beau idéal* of idleness. Never was the father of pork better rendered; never had he a more patient artist.

The pigs, the horses, the cow, in the picture of "The

fable of La Fontaine, the six lines of which, illustrated by the picture, it would be a pity to translate from their native simplicity into English:—

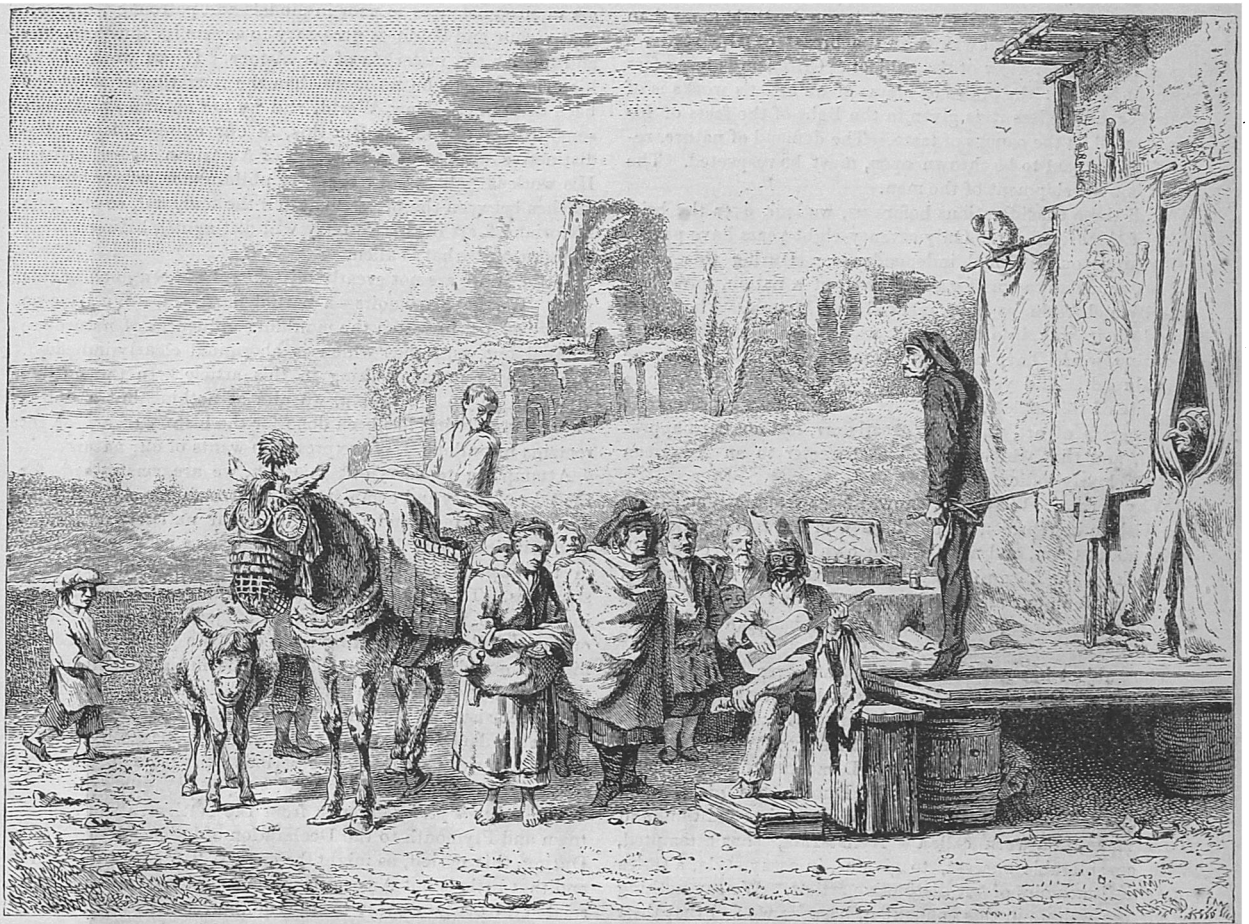
"Deux mulets cheminaient, l'un d'avoiné chargé,  
L'autre portant l'argent de la gabelle;  
Celui-ci, glorieux d'une charge si belle,  
N'eut voulu pour beaucoup en être soulagé,  
Il marchait d'un pas relevé,  
En faisant sonner sa sonnette."

The two animals are admirably rendered. The one steps proudly along with his magnificent harness. But despite his fine feathers, his leg is not better shaped, nor his form more elegant. The animals are the same, though differently equipped. Though his fringe is so glorious, his knees are lumpy and knotty. There is that quiet satire in this picture, of which Karel Dujardin was very fond.

Karel Dujardin is best known by his pictures of quacks, so admirably engraved by Boissieu. That in the Louvre, which we reproduce, is the most celebrated. On a bright and soft morning, a charlatan has erected a stand in a village. Elevated on a scaffold, in the costume of *Il signor Scaramuccio*, he is standing on tiptoe and making antics to half-a-dozen rustics. A man with a black mask accompanies him on a guitar, while a monkey chatters and makes faces. A great sign-

—so easy and bold—is above all praise; his colouring, though silvery and golden in tint, has preserved after two centuries its freshness, its purity, and force. His *chiaroscuro* is admirable. In general, to bring forward his figures, he uses, like Pynaker, a kind of broken light. Suppose he has painted an ass standing up. If he has a white spot on the nose, and his ears are black, the vigorous portion of the black ground of mountains will pass just over the white spot and below the black ears. If he wishes to bring out in bold relief the crupper of a white horse mounted by a musketeer, the painter introduces a dark brown wall. Through a door in this wall comes forth a servant with a jug of ale. A pig-trough and two dogs will complete the scene.

But what skies! Adorable, says a French critic. Nobody ever succeeded in painting them with more clearness, more



THE QUACK DOCTOR.—FROM A PAINTING BY KAREL DUJARDIN.

board explains what is to be shown in the stable, which serves as a theatre, and open before the quack is his box of elixirs, *alcuni barattoli di unguenti*; but without waiting for the speech of Scaramouch, Punchinello pokes his nose through the curtain. The ruin in the distance, the cloak worn by one of the peasants, and the warm light which animates the whole, give a locality to the scene, and remind us of Karel's Roman studies. This picture is full of what we call humour, and would do no discredit to Wilkie.

Taking the whole of his productions, Karel Dujardin must be rated in the first rank of great Dutch painters. Landscape painter, animal painter, inventor of ravishing compositions, he stands beside Berghem, Vandervelde, Paul Potter, Pierre de Laer, and even Albert Cuyp. He is inferior to some of these masters in certain particulars, but his superiority in all other raises him to the first rank. His brilliant and intelligent touch

lucidity, more softness, or with more harmonious beauty. The southern sky is bold and dashing without crudity—it dazzles but does not pain the eye—it rejoices the heart. The skies of Adrian Vandervelde are sometimes of a hard blue; those of Ruysdael always veiled by clouds, sad and melancholy; but the skies of Karel Dujardin are sunny and cheerful, like the man who painted them. His clouds are like flocks of white wool! he rolls them, he piles them one above another, so that they look like a little chain of hills coming gently down to die at the feet of the sun, as mountains slope down to the sea. Karel Dujardin combines the light of Italian summer with the calm tranquillity of Holland.

Sir Robert Peel possesses two Dujardins, the Bridgewater Gallery one, Lord Ashburton has two, Mr. Hope has one, and the collection of George IV., in Pall Mall, two.

All his paintings are valuable and deserving of study.